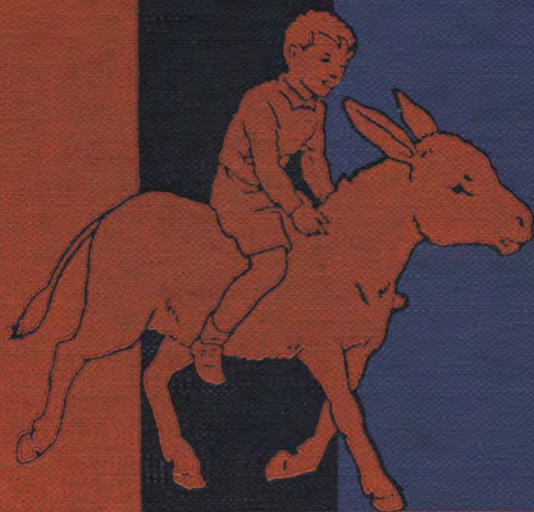


# Down the River Road



THE ALICE AND JERRY BOOKS



THE ALICE AND JERRY BOOKS

READING FOUNDATION SERIES

# DOWN THE RIVER ROAD

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# Mr. Bones





## Jack's House

If you want to have a good time,  
why not go to Jack's house?


If you want to know where that is,  
just take a walk

some summer morning

down a lovely country road.





An illustration of a young boy and girl walking along a path. The girl, on the left, is wearing a red dress and carrying a basket. The boy, on the right, is wearing a yellow shirt and blue shorts. They are walking under the drooping branches of weeping willow trees. The path is marked with small red flowers.

If the road runs  
uphill and downhill,  
with trees on one side  
and trees on the other,  
maybe you will be  
on the right road.

If you see a sleepy little river,  
and fields that go on and on  
until they come  
to the blue, blue sky,  
maybe you will be going  
where you want to go.





If all at once the road turns,  
and if all at once it stops,  
you will have to stop, too.

And then, if you see  
a big white house  
with a white fence  
and a big white gate  
in front of it, then it is time  
to take off your cap.  
This will be Jack's house.



You will hear the ting-a-ling  
of a bell as you open the gate.

A little dog will bark at you.  
Do not be afraid of him.

He will bark and bark  
so that Jack will know  
that someone is coming.

But you can tell by his tail  
that he is happy to see you.

So open the gate and walk in.



If I know Jack,  
and I think I do,  
he will be at the gate  
before you have time to think  
where you are going next.

He will tell you  
about the pet pig in the barn,  
and about the big fish  
he can catch in the river.



But Jack can not stop to talk  
for very long. Oh my, no!

“You must see all there is to see,”  
he will say.

“And the first thing you must see  
is Mr. Bones.

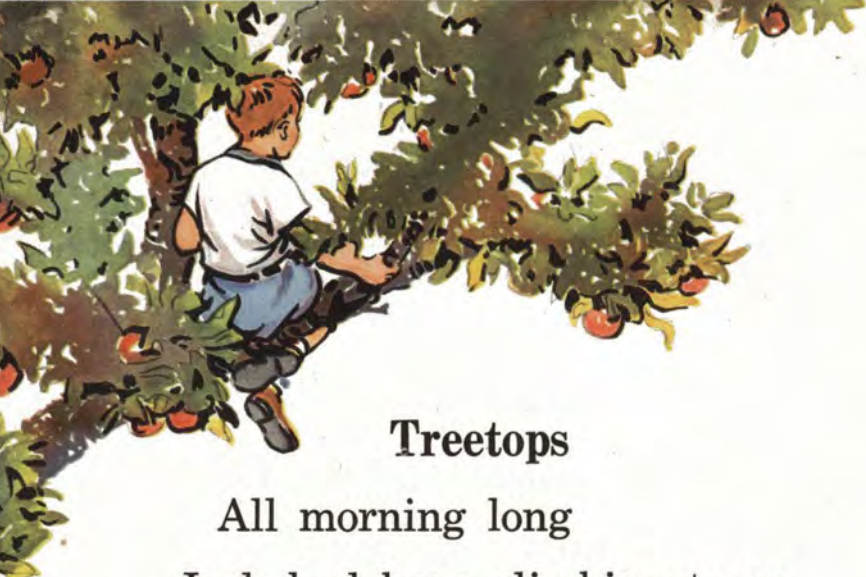
Come on! I will show him to you.”





And then—well then,  
you will not know  
where you are going,  
but you will go.  
And all the time you are going,  
Jack will talk and talk  
about the first time  
he saw Mr. Bones.  
This is the way  
it all came about.



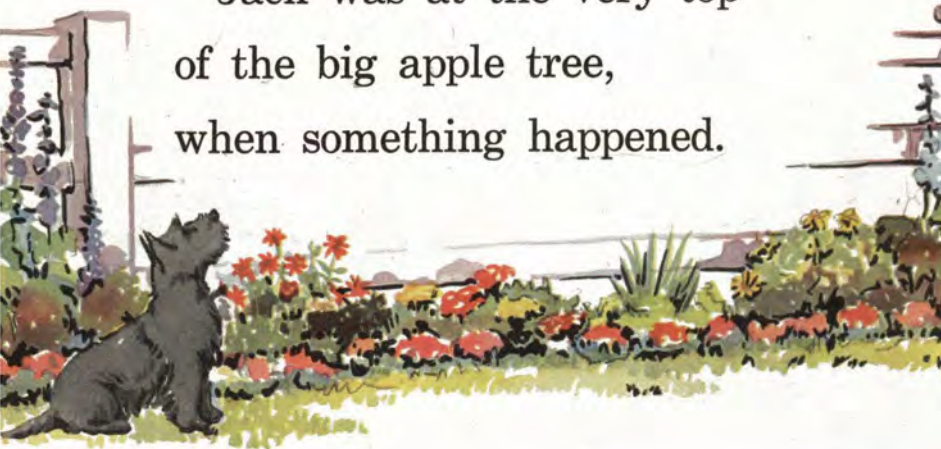


## Treetops

All morning long  
Jack had been climbing trees.

The best tree for climbing  
was the apple tree  
down by the big white gate.

Jack was at the very top  
of the big apple tree,  
when something happened.



He was looking up the road  
and down the road  
and far away over the green fields.

But he was not looking  
at the big white farmhouse.  
So he did not see the door open.  
He did not see two men walk down  
to the big white gate.







“Funny-looking apples you have on this tree,” called a voice.

“I hope that big one will not fall on my head.”

Jack looked down, and there were Father and Mr. Woods.

“Fall!” laughed Father.

“That is what his mother has been afraid of all morning long. But I tell her that he will never be a country boy if he can not climb trees.”



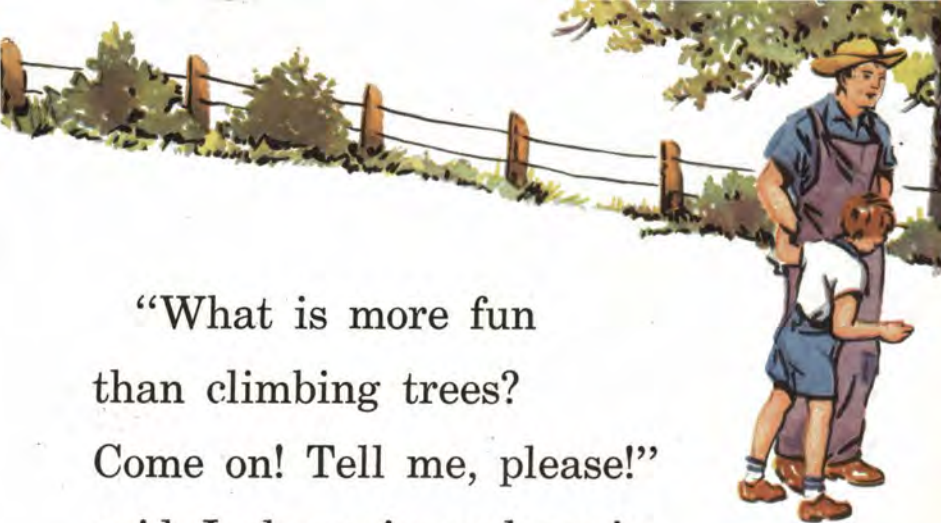
“Come to think of it, Jack,”  
called Mr. Woods,  
“I know something that is more fun  
than climbing trees.

Why not come down to my farm  
and find out what it is?”

You know what happened then.  
Jack was down out of that tree  
in a minute.

In another minute he was on his way  
down the road with Mr. Woods.





“What is more fun  
than climbing trees?  
Come on! Tell me, please!”  
said Jack again and again.

But Mr. Woods would not tell.  
“You will see when the time comes,”  
was all he would say.

So Jack talked about other things.

“Are there good trees for climbing  
down at your farm?” he asked next.

“Yes, one or two,” said Mr. Woods.  
“But they are pretty big, Jack.  
If I were you, I would be afraid  
to climb big trees.”



“I am not afraid,” said Jack.

“Really, Mr. Woods,  
I am not afraid of anything.”

“Is that so?” said Mr. Woods.

“That is a surprise.

But when I think of what I have  
down at my farm,  
maybe it is a good thing  
you are not afraid of anything.”

Then Mr. Woods smiled  
a big smile and looked at Jack  
out of the corner of his eye.

## What Can It Be?

You know the feeling you have  
when there is a surprise  
in store for you  
and you can not find out what it is?  
That is the feeling Jack had.

Before long it made him want  
to run down the road.  
It made him say over and over,  
“Come on, Mr. Woods.  
You could walk faster  
if you would.”





But Mr. Woods did not have  
that feeling.

There was no surprise  
in store for him.

So he just walked along  
and took his time about it.

Jack thought they would never get  
to the next farm, but they did.



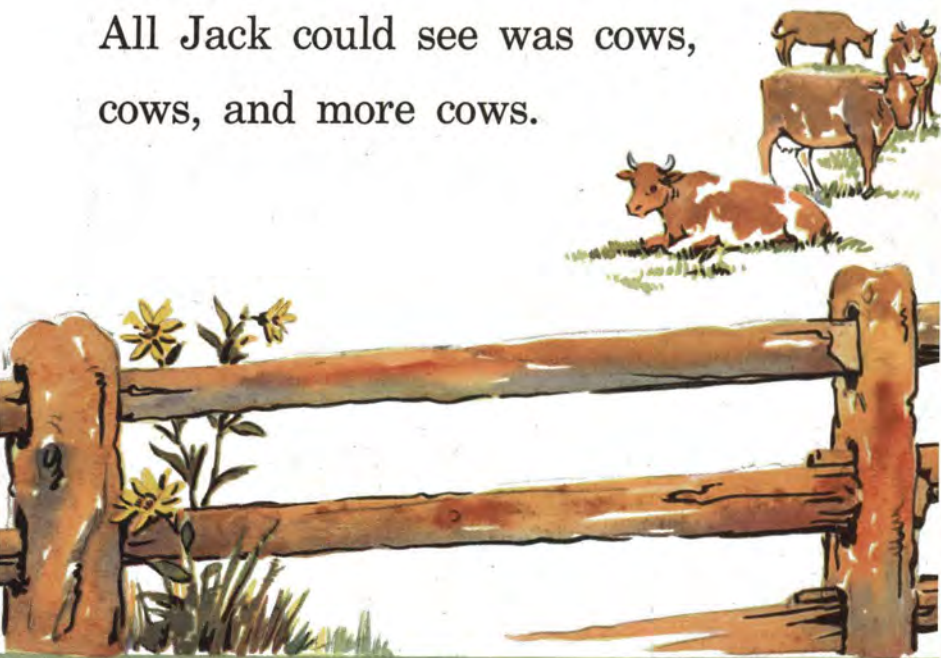
The surprise was not in the house,  
and it was not in the barn.

Mr. Woods went right by them.

He went on until he came  
to the corner of a big green field.  
There by the fence he stopped.

What in the world was this?  
Was this the surprise?

All Jack could see was cows,  
cows, and more cows.



Did Mr. Woods think  
that Jack wanted to milk a cow?  
That was not fun.

That was work.

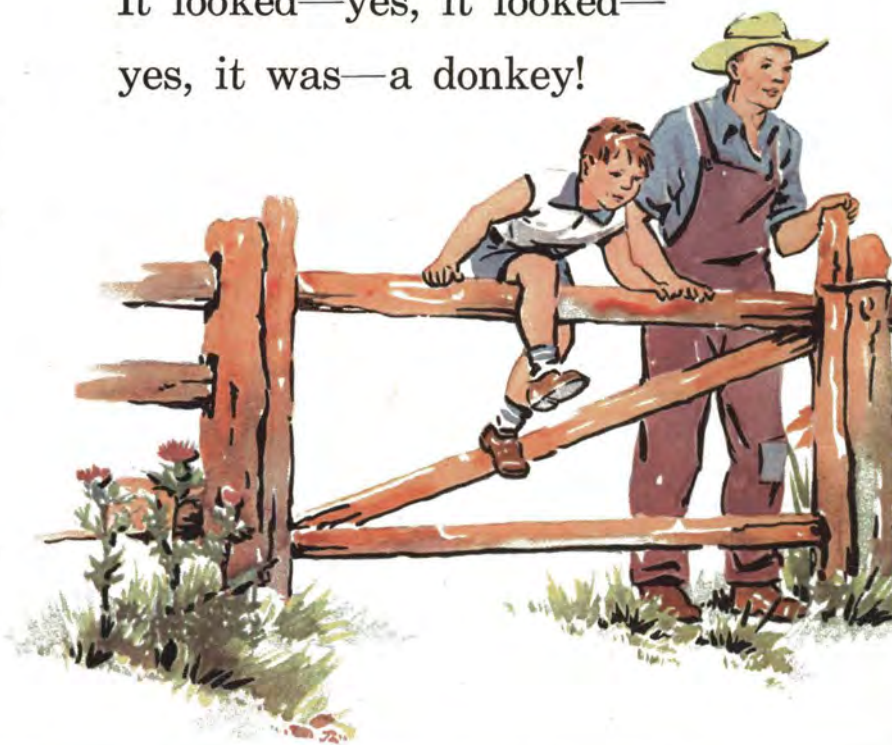
Jack could milk cows at home.

If this was the surprise,  
Jack was cross about it.





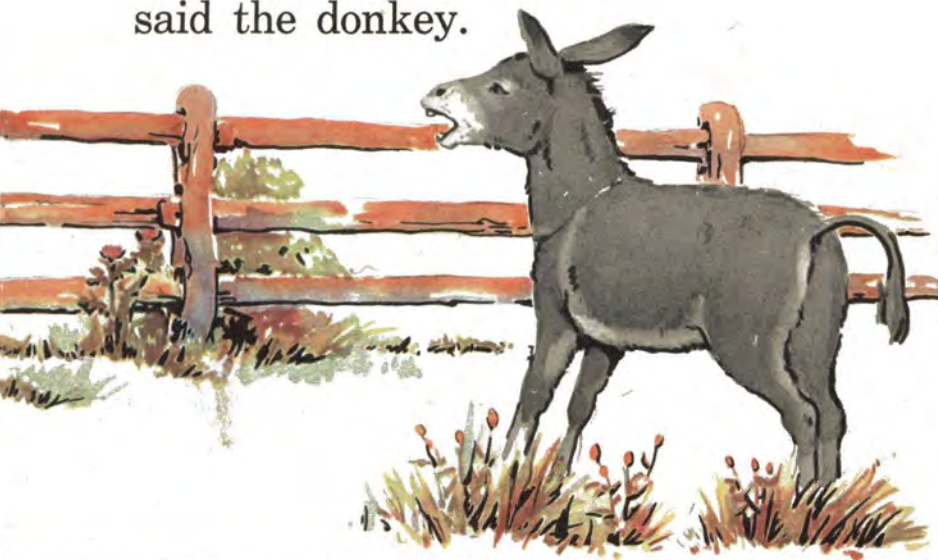
Then all at once  
Jack saw something.  
It had four legs,  
but it was not so big as a cow.  
No! It was little and fat.  
It had big, long ears.  
It looked—yes, it looked—  
yes, it was—a donkey!



Just at that minute  
Mr. Woods whistled.  
The donkey looked up.  
Up went one big ear,  
and down went the other.

Mr. Woods whistled again.  
Back went that donkey's head,  
and up went his tail.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"  
said the donkey.





## No Ride Today

“How do you like Mr. Bones, Jack?”  
laughed Mr. Woods.

But Jack did not have time  
to talk about that.

“I want a ride,” he cried.

Before Mr. Woods could stop him,  
Jack had jumped the fence  
and was off across the field.

“Come back here! Come back, I say!  
You will never ride Mr. Bones  
that way,” called Mr. Woods.



But Jack did not come back.  
He did not hear Mr. Woods call.  
All he thought of was the donkey,  
and away he went.

He did not stop until he was  
right by the side of Mr. Bones.

“Hello, Donkey! How are you?  
Give me a ride,” said Jack,  
as if the donkey  
were some old friend.



But Mr. Bones did not make friends as fast as that. Oh my, no!

He took his time and looked Jack over.

“A boy,” thought Mr. Bones.

“And if I do not look out, he will be on my back in a minute.

Boys think that all a donkey is for is to give rides and pull things— wagons and baskets and everything.

But not this donkey!

Not a ride will he get out of me.”



By this time there was a bad look in the donkey's eye.

If you had been there,  
you would have walked away.

But not Jack!

He was not afraid of anything.

Anyway, he was not looking  
at the donkey's eye.

He was looking at the donkey's back.

He was thinking how he could get  
on that back all by himself.







All at once Jack thought of something.

He walked a little way down the field until he was right behind Mr. Bones.

“Now,” thought Jack, “I will take a good run. When I come up to that donkey, I will put my hands on his back and jump. One jump and I will be there.”



Jack took a good run,  
but when he put his hands out,  
there was no donkey there.

Mr. Bones took it into his head  
to sit down at that very minute.  
Down on the ground came Jack  
with a big bump.

“Well of all things,” said Jack.  
You could tell by the way  
he said it that that bump  
was the biggest surprise  
in the world for Jack.

He just sat there on the ground and looked at Mr. Bones.

And Mr. Bones just sat there on the ground and looked at Jack.

The bad look was still in the donkey's eye—not just in one eye, but in two.

You could tell by that look that Mr. Bones wanted to say, “Ride me, will you!

I will see about that.”





## Friends to Make

Just at that minute,  
up came Mr. Woods.

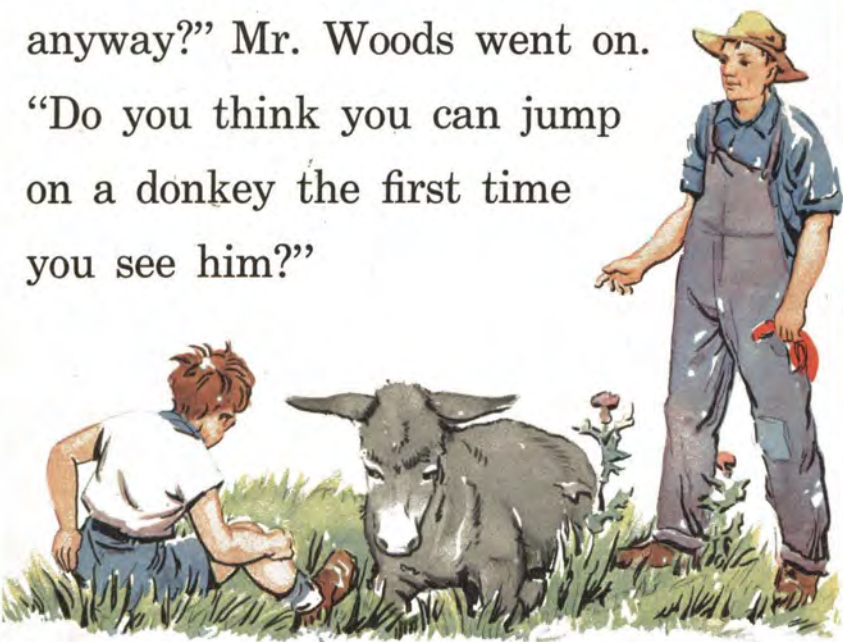
“Are you all right?” he called.

“I think so,” said Jack,  
feeling himself all over.

He still had his eye on the donkey.

“What are you thinking about,  
anyway?” Mr. Woods went on.

“Do you think you can jump  
on a donkey the first time  
you see him?”



Mr. Woods wanted to be cross.  
But when he saw Jack with his eye  
on the donkey, and the donkey  
with his eye on Jack,  
he laughed until he cried.

When he could stop laughing,  
he looked at Jack and said,

“You will never ride Mr. Bones  
until you make friends with him.  
See what you can do right now.”

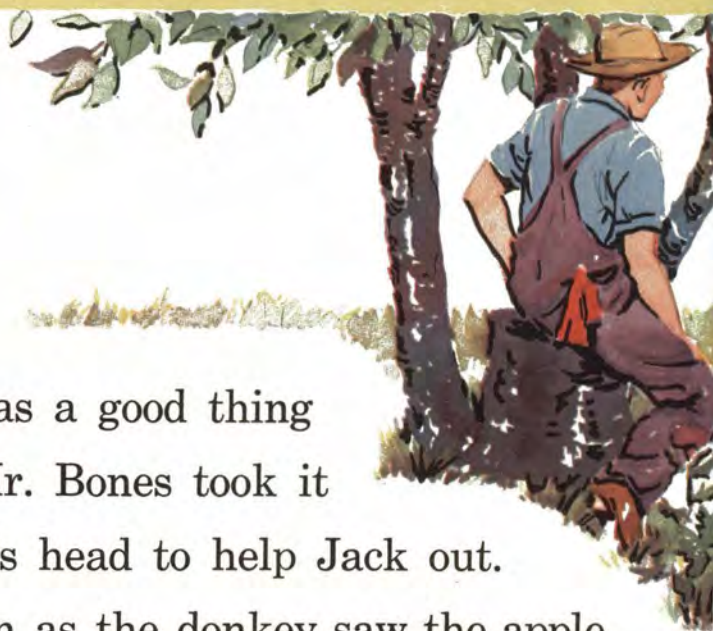


Then Mr. Woods took  
a big red apple out of his pocket.  
“Give this to Mr. Bones,” he said.  
“If there is one thing  
that donkey likes, it is apples.  
He likes apples and the people  
who give them to him.”

By this time Jack had the feeling  
that he did not want to walk up  
to Mr. Bones and give him apples.  
He liked him better a long way off.  
But he must not show  
that he was afraid. Oh my, no!







It was a good thing  
that Mr. Bones took it  
into his head to help Jack out.

As soon as the donkey saw the apple,  
he got up and walked over to Jack.

By the time Mr. Bones had had  
two or three apples, the bad look  
in his eye began to go away.

A boy behind him ready to jump  
on his back was one thing.

A boy in front of him with apples  
in his hands was another.



When Mr. Bones had had one more apple, Mr. Woods said,  
“That is enough for today, Jack. Come tomorrow with more apples. Someday you will be friends with Mr. Bones. But do not think that you can ride that donkey until I give the word.”

And this time Jack heard what Mr. Woods said. He heard and he remembered.



The next morning Jack walked out to the field all by himself.

Somehow he had the feeling that he did not want to ride Mr. Bones after all.

He still remembered that bump. Maybe it would be just as well to give apples to the donkey for a long time to come—all summer maybe.

He walked up to the fence and whistled.

No jolly hee-haw came from Mr. Bones.

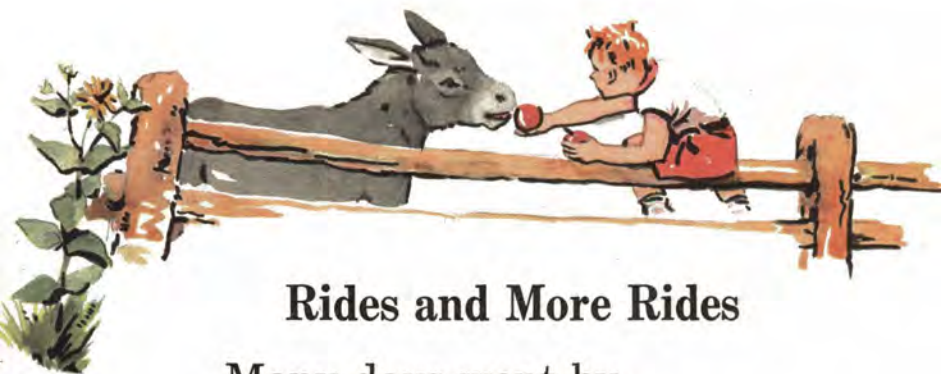
The minute he saw Jack, down he sat.





This made Jack think  
that the bad look was back  
in the donkey's eye. And it was.

But after Mr. Bones had had  
a few apples, and Jack had had  
two or three apples himself,  
Mr. Bones forgot to be cross  
and Jack forgot to be afraid.  
They were like two old friends.  
There was a big smile on Jack's face,  
and if donkeys can smile,  
Mr. Bones had a big smile, too.



## Rides and More Rides

Many days went by,  
and Jack and Mr. Bones became  
the best of friends.

Now when Jack whistled,  
Mr. Bones gave a jolly hee-haw  
and ran right up to the fence  
for his apples.

One morning when Mr. Bones  
ran up to the fence,  
the gate was open.  
Jack was on the outside  
of the open gate.  
Mr. Bones ran right up to him.



There were no apples  
in Jack's hands this morning.  
But there were apples somewhere.  
Mr. Bones could smell them.

Jack began to walk back  
to the barn, and Mr. Bones followed.  
The good smell of apples  
came from Jack's pockets.  
If that was where the apples were,  
Mr. Bones was going to have them.

Before Mr. Bones knew it,  
he was right up to the barn door  
where Mr. Woods was at work.





What a surprise for Mr. Woods when he saw that donkey!

“The time has come,” said Mr. Woods. “I can see that.”

And the time had come. In a few minutes Mr. Bones was on his way down the road with Jack on his back.

If you had been there to see, you would have thought that Mr. Bones liked to give rides better than anything in the world.

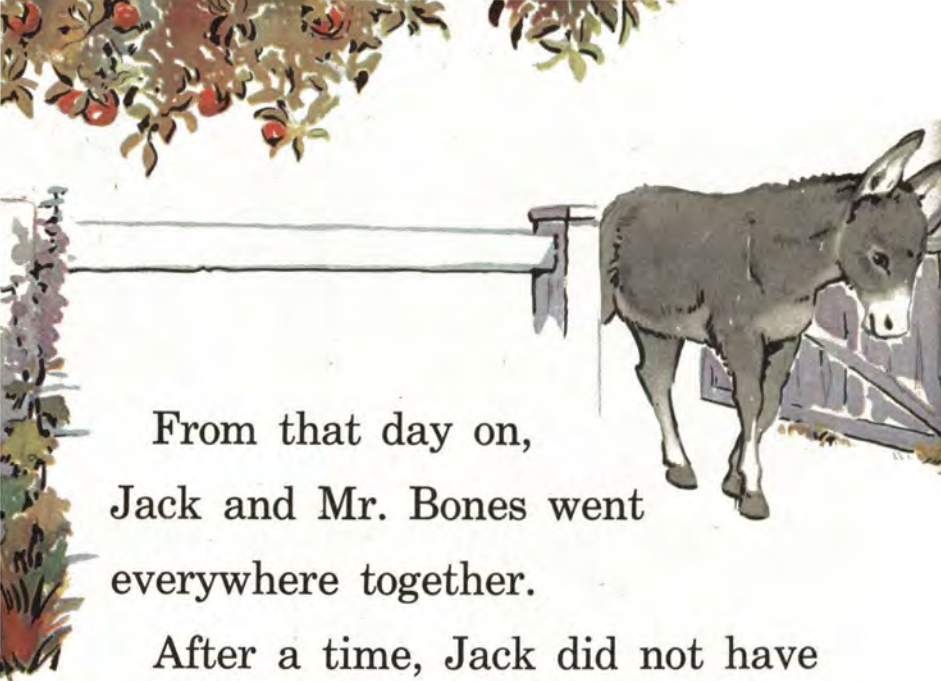


“I will ride down and show him to Father and Mother,” called Jack. “Then I will be right back.”

How he did wish that his friends could see him now, Alice and Jerry and Mr. Carl and all of them!

This was going to be fun, more fun than he had ever, ever had before.

And it was more fun.



From that day on,  
Jack and Mr. Bones went  
everywhere together.

After a time, Jack did not have  
to go down to Mr. Woods's farm  
for Mr. Bones.

If the bell on the big white gate  
rang and rang, Jack could tell  
that Mr. Bones was there.

"You see, Mr. Bones is  
the wisest donkey in all the world,"  
Jack would say to Mother.

"He can open the gate by himself."



As for Father,  
he liked everything about Mr. Bones  
but his jolly hee-haw.

“Say what you will,”  
Father would say,  
“he may be a good donkey, but  
he can not sing like a nightingale.”

Jack did not care.  
Father could make fun of Mr. Bones  
if he wanted to.



Jack still thought that Mr. Bones  
was the best donkey in the world.

Maybe you will think so, too.  
So why not go to Jack's house  
and make friends with Mr. Bones?

You will not have  
to send a letter  
to say that you are coming.

You will not want a ticket  
to ride on the train.

Just put some apples in your pocket  
and take a walk some summer morning  
down a lovely country road.

I hope you find the right road.  
I hope you come to Jack's house.  
And I do hope you like Mr. Bones.



Fisherman  
Carl





## One Wish and Then Another

“Oh dear! I wish I had something to do,” said Jack, as he leaned against a tree to talk to Mother.

Mother was in the garden. She picked some more flowers and did not even look up.

“I wish it were tomorrow,” Jack said next.



Mother did not say a word.

“I wish it were the day after tomorrow. I wish it were five days from now. I do! So there!”

Mother could tell by the sound of Jack’s voice how cross he was.

“My, what a long face!” she said, as she looked up and smiled.

“Come now, Jack,” Mother went on. “Don’t snap my head off. You may wish and wish, but it will do no good. Jerry and Mr. Carl will not be here for five more days. So find something to take up your time until they get here.”

But Jack could not think of one thing that he wanted to do. He did not even want to ride Mr. Bones.

So Mother said, “Suppose you go out to the south field and talk to Father. Put your heads together and think up something to give Jerry and Mr. Carl a good time.”



Now Jack had something that he wanted to do. Two heads were better than one, and Father had a good head when it came to thinking up new things to do.

Jack almost flew out to the field.

"I suppose we must have something exciting," said Father, as he sat on the fence to think things over.



Jack liked that word "exciting." It made him think of moving day or taking a ride in a big airplane. How he did hope that Father could think of something exciting for Jerry and Mr. Carl to do!

"I don't suppose a ride on Mr. Bones or maybe climbing trees would be exciting enough?" Jack asked to get the thinking started.

"Oh my, no!" said Father. "Such things may do for Jerry but not for Mr. Carl. Can you picture Mr. Carl on a donkey or climbing trees?"

"My, no!" laughed Jack. "He is much too old."



Time went by, and it looked as if Father would never think of anything. But he did, just the same.

All at once he said, "I have it! Mr. Carl was a good fisherman when he was a boy. Anyway, that is the story he tells. If we could only get Fisherman Bill to take you down the river in his boat for a day, Mr. Carl would like that."



“So would I! Just the thing! You always think of the best things!” cried Jack, as he danced up and down.

“Now don’t get your hopes up. The first thing for us to do is to find out what Fisherman Bill thinks about it,” said Father.

That was enough for Jack. “You stay here, and I will soon find out,” he cried, and away he ran.

Father was about to say, “Just a minute, there! Just a minute!” But what good would it have done? Jack was too far away to hear a word.

So Father got down from the fence and went back to his work.



## Fisherman Bill

Across the road from the big white gate was a field—where sunflowers grew. It was a big field. It went on and on until it came to the banks of the sleepy little river.

There on the bank of the river, in a little white house near a big tree, lived Fisherman Bill.



Fisherman Bill had no wife. He lived alone with his dog, Betsy.

Sometimes he would work for the farmers round about. Sometimes he would work in his garden. But many and many a day he was out in his boat on the river.

And what a fisherman he was!

“Why, that man!” everyone said. “He can catch more fish than there are in the river.”





And the more fish he got, the more everyone liked him.

This morning Fisherman Bill was at work in his garden. It was a beautiful morning, and he was feeling gay and happy.

All at once he heard a shout, then another shout, and another. He looked up and saw something coming. It looked like a wild man from the way its arms were going. But it was not a wild man. It was only Jack.

For the next ten minutes Jack talked so much and so fast that Fisherman Bill could not make out one thing he said.

So, just for fun, Fisherman Bill took Jack by the ear and walked him over to the big tree.

“Sit down on that box,” he said, “and don’t say another word for five minutes.”

Jack was not still that long because he never could be still more than two seconds at a time. But when he began to talk again, he did make Fisherman Bill know what he wanted.



And then what do you suppose Fisherman Bill said?

“If you are going to catch fish with me, you will have to stay at my house the night before. Mr. Carl may have my bed. As for Jerry and you and me, we will put up a tent on the riverbank. Then we can get started by four in the morning. That is the time to catch fish.”





Was that going to be exciting!

I hope there were no broken sunflowers as Jack ran home. But I am afraid there were. How could Jack think of sunflowers after news like that?

For the next four days Jack was good for nothing. All he did was run down to the river and back again.

“Really, Jack, you make me wish that Jerry and Mr. Carl had come and gone,” said Mother.





## At Last

The big day came at last. In the early morning there was a splash of rain, but it was soon over.

Jerry and Mr. Carl lived so far away that they could not walk to the farm where Jack lived. They were coming in Mr. Carl's car.

Jack thought that he would ride down the road on Mr. Bones and look for them. Then he could tell Mr. Carl to leave his car inside the big white gate. In that way they could get started for the river right away.



But when Jack told Mother what he was going to do, she said, "No such thing! You are not going one step to Fisherman Bill's until sundown."

When Mother talked like that, Jack knew that she was going to have her way about things. Anyway, he could ride down the road.

Poor Mr. Bones! He went down the road and back again about twenty times that morning. And not even one apple did he get for all his work.



Jack's dog could not make out what was going on. So he gave a bark or two and ran away to play with the hens and ducks.

At last the car came. Jack had never been so happy to see anyone as he was to see Jerry and Mr. Carl.

It did not take Jerry a minute to hop out and look Mr. Bones over.

"He is better than a pony, Jack! Much better!" cried Jerry.



At first Mr. Carl did not move. He just sat in the seat of the car and smiled one big smile.

“Upon my word!” said Mr. Carl. “What a donkey!”

But when Mr. Carl did step out of the car, he talked to Mr. Bones as if that donkey were his best friend.





“Hello, Old Man,” he said. “I have heard so much about you. See! I did not forget you.”

Then Mr. Carl took a big red apple out of his pocket.

“Gobble this up, Old Man,” he said. “Then suppose you give me a ride.”

How happy poor, hungry Mr. Bones was to see that apple! He did gobble it up and he did give Mr. Carl a ride.





I wish you could have been there to see the looks on the faces of Father and Mother when Mr. Carl came in at the gate on the back of a donkey.

Even Mr. Bones thought it was funny. Back went his head and up went his tail. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" said Mr. Bones.

Father had to go down the road to bring back Mr. Carl's car. Then he had to show Jerry and Mr. Carl all the animals in the barnyard.

Jerry liked all the animals, but he could not see why Jack's father did not buy a goat.

"A goat!" said Father. "Now see here, Jerry! To have a donkey around here every day is bad enough."



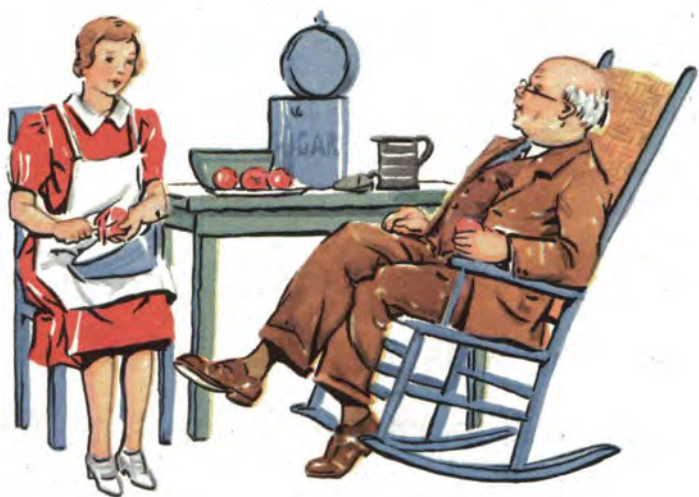
At last Father went back to work. He had painted the barn a few days before. Now it was ready for the second coat.

Jerry and Jack played in the barn, had rides on Mr. Bones, and had a fine time climbing trees.

But Mr. Carl sat in a chair by the side of the table where Mother was at work and told her all the news.







Mother asked about Paddy. How she laughed when she heard how he once took his pets to church on Sunday!

She remembered the twins, too.

“Bobby and Billy are as much alike as they ever were,” said Mr. Carl. “Their grandmother and grandfather came to see them a few days ago.”

But the one Mr. Carl liked best was "My Little Lady." That was his name for Alice.

"She is such a big girl now," he said to Mother. "Almost too big to play with dolls and toys! I will never forget the morning when she had breakfast with the organ man and his monkey. If she had not gone to the city, she would be right here, now."





## Off for the River

But good times or no good times, three people did wish that the day were over.

“To sit in a boat again and fish!” Mr. Carl said with a big smile. “Nothing would suit me better.”

“You are as bad as the boys,” said Mother. “You will not be happy until you are on your way to the river.”

And then, because three people wanted so much to get started, Mother had to give in a little.





So the sun was still shining when Mr. Carl and Jerry and Jack walked down through the sunflowers. They all had bundles to carry and they all had cans for worms.

Fisherman Bill was at the corner of the house looking for them. He wanted some help. He was just about to put up the tent on the bank of the river right near the water.



When it began to grow dark, they all started to look for worms. All the time they were looking, Mr. Carl told one fish story and then another. And that was too bad for Mr. Carl.

“Why, when I was a boy,” he said, “I was always the first one up in the morning. I always got more fish than anyone. And they were the biggest fish, too. Now don’t forget! I am as good as I ever was. I will show you tomorrow morning.”



Even in the dark, Jack could see a funny little smile in Fisherman Bill's eyes. Fisherman Bill was thinking something. But if he thought something, he said nothing. That was too bad for Mr. Carl, too.





When they had worms enough, they sat for a time on the riverbank.

All they could hear was the sound of the frogs and the bow-wow of old dog Betsy.

Once a turtle came up on the bank, then fell back into the water with a big splash.

Mr. Carl sang a tune or two, and Fisherman Bill sang, too. After that they were tired enough to go to bed.

“My, what a fine bed!” said Mr. Carl to himself as he rolled in. “But don’t forget, Old Man, good bed or no good bed, you must be the first one up in the morning.”

Do what he would, Mr. Carl could not go to sleep. The frogs were right near his window, and what a noise they made! He wanted to throw something at them. It took him a long, long time to get to sleep. And that was too bad for Mr. Carl, too.





## Mr. Carl, Sleepy-Head

“Be still! Don’t say a word! Get up but don’t make a noise!”

Fisherman Bill talked first into Jack’s ear and then into Jerry’s.

Jack rolled over. “Time to get up?” he started to say. But Fisherman Bill stopped him.

“Get up and get ready,” Fisherman Bill said. “Then follow me.”

And Jerry and Jack did.



In a minute or two they were out on the bank of the river.

“Be still! Make no noise!” said Fisherman Bill, as they got into the boat. “We are going to catch fish for Mr. Carl’s breakfast.”

“And leave him here?” asked Jerry. He almost fell into the water when he heard that news. It was such a surprise.

“Yes, he can have a fine sleep,” said Fisherman Bill with a big smile. “Then he can catch fish when the sun is up.”



Down the river went the boat.  
Down the river went Jerry and Jack  
and Fisherman Bill. But safe in his  
bed was tired Mr. Carl.

How still it was on the riverbank  
in the early morning! Not as it  
was at home! No trucks! No street-  
cars! No wagons! Mr. Carl could  
sleep and sleep and sleep.





Birds sang and sang in the tree outside the window. But what were birds to Mr. Carl? He had many birds in his white house. Every day he took a nap. Every day his birds sang and sang, and Mr. Carl did not even hear them.

A still morning! A good bed! And a long, long sleep for Mr. Carl!



Time went by, and back to the riverbank came the boat. I could not hope to tell you how still Jerry and Jack and Fisherman Bill were when they got out of the boat.

“I will take care of the fish. You get the wood for the fire,” said Fisherman Bill to Jack and Jerry.

Before long a big pan of fish was on the fire, and what a good smell came in at Mr. Carl’s window.



And do you know? That good smell did what the birds could not do. Mr. Carl rolled over once and sat up.

“Upon my word — FISH!” said Mr. Carl, and out of that bed he jumped. He almost ran to the door.

And there before his two eyes were Jerry, Jack, Fisherman Bill, and a big pan of fish.

Poor Mr. Carl!



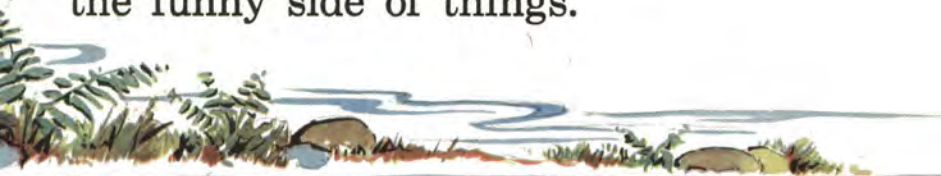
Fisherman Bill looked up. "Well of all things! Look who is here!" he said with a big smile.

"Oh, Mr. Carl," called Jerry. "We are going to have the best breakfast."

"And how about breakfast for me?" asked Mr. Carl.

"I am afraid there is no breakfast here for you," said Fisherman Bill. "Really, Mr. Carl, you will have to mend your ways. If you want fish for breakfast, you must get out of bed in the morning."

By this time Mr. Carl began to see the funny side of things.





"Come now," he said, "I am so hungry, I am about to fall over. That wee little fish at the side of the pan will just suit me."

"No!" said Jack. "That is my fish."

"Well, maybe I can buy some. A penny for a little fish and two pennies for a big one," said Mr. Carl.

"Not for any money! Not even for a dollar," laughed Fisherman Bill. "You must earn your breakfast, Fisherman Carl. There is the boat and the river. If you want fish for your breakfast, suppose you catch some."

All this time the smell grew better and better. At last the fish were done.



Then do you know what happened? The two biggest fish in the pan were for Mr. Carl. They had been for Mr. Carl all the time. And oh, how much he liked them!

Before long the four fishermen were all in the boat. And I can tell you that this time Mr. Carl was the first one to hop in.



Then down the river they went. And what a day they had!

“The best time I have had in many a year!” said Mr. Carl.

“And as far as I can see, you are the best fisherman in the boat,” said Fisherman Bill.

Mr. Carl was the best fisherman. He got twelve fish, one more than Fisherman Bill. Jerry got five, and Jack got six. And that was a pretty good catch for one day.



Just as the sun went down, Jerry and Jack and Fisherman Carl walked back through the sunflowers.

“Thank you for such a fine time. Someday we will come again. Good-by! Good-by!” they called to Fisherman Bill as they walked along.



All three had bundles to carry and all three had their fish. Jerry had the biggest fish of all. How he did hug that fish as if he were afraid it would get away from him! And how he did wish that he could send it home for Mother to see!

“Do you know, boys,” said Mr. Carl when they were almost home, “the best fish I ever ate were two fish I did not catch.”

Jerry and Jack knew what fish Mr. Carl was thinking about. Do you?



# SUITS

for TWO







## Oh, for Some Money!

Jack sat on top of the big white gate with his best friend, Lucky.

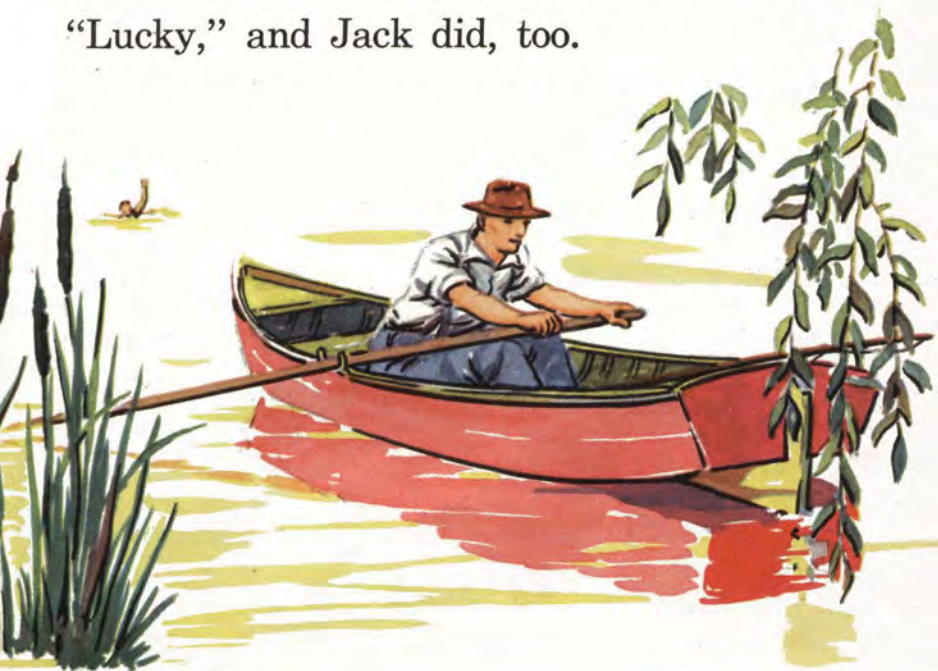
Lucky and Jack had been friends from the day Jack came to live in the big white farmhouse.

Lucky's name was really Andrew—Andrew Lee. But you never call your best friend Andrew. Anyway, you don't when there is a good story about him, as there was about Andrew.

One day Andrew swam away down the river. He swam so far and he grew so tired that he could not get back to the riverbank.

No one knows what would have happened if Fisherman Bill had not come along in his boat. He came just in time to pull Andrew out of the water.

After that everyone called Andrew "Lucky," and Jack did, too.





Jack and Lucky had their heads together. They were looking at a big picture. Someone had put that picture in the letter box on the side of the big white gate.

Anyone could tell that it was an exciting picture. Jack gave a shout the minute he saw it, and Lucky almost fell off the gate.

What do you think was in that picture? A baseball suit! The best-looking baseball suit any boy could ever want!



Some big words at the top of the picture said,

TEN DAYS ONLY

BASEBALL SUITS—ONE DOLLAR  
SEND YOUR MONEY RIGHT AWAY

And then, some little words away down  
at the bottom told you where to send  
your money.

Mr. Jack Pool  
12 North First Street  
Garden City, N. Y.



"Did you ever see such a suit? Don't you wish we had one?" cried Jack.

"I could play ball better than any boy around here if I had that suit," said Lucky.

"Not better than I could," said Jack.

"Only a dollar," Lucky went on. "My, but that is a fine suit for a dollar! Do you think your father will buy you one?"

"Buy me one! I know he won't! It took all his money to buy this farm," said Jack.





“If I only had a birthday in the summertime,” Lucky said next, “maybe I could get that suit for my birthday. What good is a birthday in the winter when there is nothing but snow?”

“No good at all,” said Jack. “You are not so lucky after all.”

For the next minute or two the boys sat still and said nothing. They had some thinking to do. They just had to have two baseball suits, but how were they going to get them?



"Do you suppose we could earn a dollar?" Jack said at last.

"Earn a dollar? How?" asked Lucky.

"I don't know," said Jack, "but suppose we talk to Father. He always knows what to do about everything."

"I hope he knows what to do about this," cried Lucky, as he jumped down from the gate with the picture in his hand. "Did you ever see such a suit?"

"Never! And how I could play ball if I only had it!" cried Jack, as they ran out to the field to find Father.





## I Know a Way

"How to earn a dollar—two dollars in ten days—for two baseball suits! You must think that I am the wisest man in the country," laughed Father. He stopped his work to talk to the boys.

"Once I made some money," said Jack. "I had pears to sell."

"There are no pears around here," said Lucky, "and people who live in the country have more apples and more everything than they can eat. They won't buy anything."



“You are right, Lucky,” said Father. “But if you had big apples, sound apples, and better apples than other people, maybe you could sell them after all.

“I tell you what, boys. I will give you that apple tree down by the big white gate. There are some fine apples at the top of that tree all ready to be picked. Picked by hand, you know! You might sell two big baskets if you had them ready to take to town tomorrow morning.”



"Do you think we could? Do you, really?" cried Lucky. He looked at Father with big round eyes.

"Yes, I really do," said Father.

"Then they will be ready. You can count on that," said Jack, and off the two boys started for the barn.

It was not long before they were coming out of the barn door with two big baskets and two little ones.

"We can carry the little ones up into the tree with us," said Lucky. "We will put the big ones right here on the ground."





“Only the biggest and best apples go in the big baskets,” said Jack. “People in Riverside will say that they never knew there could be such apples as we will bring them.”

Up into the top branches of the apple tree went Jack and Lucky. Oh, how they did work! As soon as their baskets were full, down they came. They put the apples one by one on the ground near the tree.





Then back up the tree they went. They picked and picked until Jack said, "I think we have enough."

After that they sat on the ground to look the apples over. There were no bad spots and no worms in the apples they chose. Before long the baskets were full to the top with big apples, sound apples, and shining apples.

"It makes me hungry just to look at them," said Mother, when she came out to get the pan of apples that was left over.





There was a spring of cold water behind the barn and a little house over the spring where Father put his milk cans. The boys took the baskets one at a time and put them in a cold corner of the springhouse.

Then Lucky gave a pull, and out of his pocket came the picture of that baseball suit.

"I was just thinking," said Lucky. "We will have to play ball better than we do now, by the time the suits get here."

So Jack got his baseball, and they played catch all afternoon.





## Oh, for a Way to Town!

"Fine work, boys," said Father, when he saw the baskets. "Now we must find someone to take you to town. I can not go. I have too much work to do."

"What!" said Jack. "Then how are we going to get there?"

"Too bad, Jack," said Father, "but a farmer's work must be done. I forgot when I talked to you how much I had to do. I can not leave my work and run off to town to sell apples."

"Father will take us," said Lucky.

But when the two boys talked to Lucky's father, they found that he had too much work to do, too.

"Now what are we going to do?" said Jack. "We must get to town somehow, even if we have to walk."

"Walk! We can not walk! It is too far!" said Lucky. "Anyway, we can not carry big baskets all the way."

"I have it!" cried Jack. "Mr. Woods! Maybe he will help us out."

But Mr. Woods had so much work to do that he could not take them to town.





"But you must help us out, Mr. Woods. You just have to. We will never get the suits if you don't. Please think of something, please!" said Jack.

And do you know? When Mr. Woods heard their story and saw the picture of that fine suit, he knew he had to do something. He just had to.

And what do you think that something was? Out in the corner of the barn was an old wagon, a very old wagon. It looked as if it would fall to pieces at any minute.





“Mr. Bones could pull that wagon a few years ago,” said Mr. Woods. “I think he can do it now. There is some good left in that wagon. It will take you to town and back again safe and sound.”

“I know it will! We will have a picnic with that old wagon. Oh, Mr. Woods, you are the best man,” cried Lucky.

As for Jack, he was so happy that he could not say a word. He just looked as if nothing so good as this had ever happened to anyone before in all the world.



“Have your father bring the apples down in his car tonight, Jack,” said Mr. Woods. “I will put them in the wagon and have Mr. Bones all ready for you when you come by in the morning.”

“It will have to be early, Mr. Woods, very early,” said Jack. “We want to get to town before the stores open.”

“I will have him ready for you before the sun is up,” said Mr. Woods with a big, big smile.



When Father put the apples in the car, Jack and Lucky jumped in, too.

What a look of surprise there was on Father's face when he saw that old wagon! "I only hope it holds together until you get home," he said.

Mr. Lee walked into the barnyard at that very minute. "Upon my word! I hope so, too," said Mr. Lee, "but I am afraid it will fall to pieces."

But Jack and Lucky were not afraid. It was a good wagon. And oh, was this going to be fun!





## Off for Riverside

Morning! Jack rolled over in bed. The sun was coming up. He could see it through the open window.

Just then someone whistled. Oh, how he whistled! In a minute Jack's head was out of the window. There was Lucky looking up at him.

"Get up and move fast," said Lucky, and Jack did.

Mr. Woods was as good as his word. There he was by the gate. Mr. Bones and the wagon were all ready to go.



At first Mr. Bones just walked along. Then he began to trot. But Mr. Bones was such an old donkey that even his trot was not very fast. So the boys had time to look around and see everything.

Have you ever had a ride down a country road in the early morning? Jack and Lucky thought it was lovely. The sun was up now and was shining on the fields. Birds sang in the trees, and you could see so far, so far away.





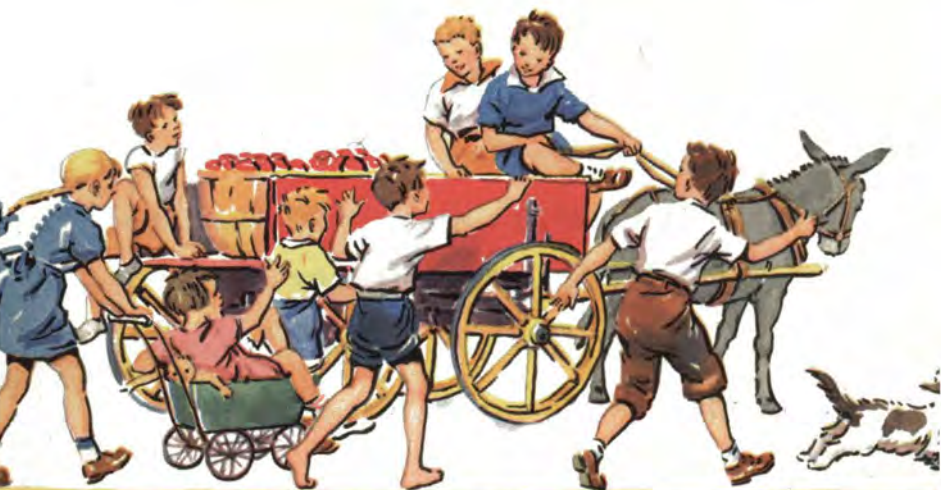
Once a car went by them, and someone laughed and whistled and made fun of the old wagon and Mr. Bones. But the boys did not care. They liked Mr. Bones, and they liked the wagon, and they liked this way of going to town. But best of all they liked the noise they made as they rolled along. If you had been there, you would have liked it, too.

The people who had stores in Riverside had just started to open their doors and put fruit and other things in their store windows when Jack and Lucky rolled into town.

How the people laughed when they saw that donkey wagon! All the boys on the street began to follow Mr. Bones. It was as exciting as a fire or a parade.

Jack and Lucky rode right down the street to Mr. Bell's fruit store, where Father had told them to go.

"Really, boys," said Mr. Bell, "all I can give you is a dollar for the two baskets. Everyone wants to sell me apples, but no one wants to buy them."



“A dollar!” cried Jack. “We have to have two dollars.”

“A dollar is all I can give,” said Mr. Bell. “Maybe you can sell them at another store.”

But the man in the next store would not even look at the apples. In the next store it was the same way.

So back the two boys came to Mr. Bell.

“If we come back tomorrow with two more baskets, will you give us another dollar?” asked Lucky.

“Yes, I will,” said Mr. Bell. “When people see such beautiful apples, I know they will buy them.”

As soon as Jack heard that, he cried, “Come on, Lucky! We have work to do.” Then he started Mr. Bones on the road home.





## Riverside Again

Early the next morning the boys were on their way again. The wheels of the old wagon made more noise and more noise with every turn they made.

Everything was going fine until all at once Lucky said, "Suppose the suits are all gone by the time we send the money!"

Now, why in the world did Lucky have to think of that? From that very minute things began to happen.



“We had better go faster than this,” said Jack. “If we get to town and back again, we can send the money this very morning. Get along there, Mr. Bones, get along!”

Now, it was a warm day, and Mr. Bones was old. And after all, Mr. Bones was not going to get a baseball suit. Why must he run all the way to town? He would not, and that was all there was to it.



“Oh, dear!” said Jack. “We will never get there. Think of all the boys who want baseball suits. There won’t be one left. I know there won’t.”

Just at that minute they came to a side road. The day before they had gone right by and had never even looked at that road. Why in the world did they have to see it now?

“Do you know, Lucky,” cried Jack, “if we take this side road, I know we will get to town faster.”

“Then here we go,” said Lucky, and down the road went Mr. Bones and the boys and the apples.





Now, if you are ever out in an old wagon with only a donkey to pull you, don't go off on a side road if you can help it. Not many people come along side roads, and there won't be anyone to help you out if something happens.

The old wagon went on and on and on. Every now and then there were puddles of water in the road. It was fun to ride through the puddles and make the water fly. Jack and Lucky rode through every puddle they came to.

At last they came to a big puddle that went away across the road.

“This will be fun! Here we go!” cried Lucky.

But where do you think they went? Mr. Bones walked right through the puddle safe and sound. But Lucky and Jack went downhill, right off the seat of that old wagon, Jack first and Lucky on top of him. Before they knew what had happened, they found themselves side by side in the puddle.

When they looked up, what do you think they saw? The front wheel of that wagon had come off and had rolled over to the side of the road.



Now what was to be done about this? Jack looked at Lucky, and Lucky looked at Jack. They looked as if they did not have a friend in the world. Some boys would have cried, but Jack was not a baby, and Lucky was not a baby. So they could not do that. They did not even get up out of the puddle. They just sat.





"What did you come down this road for, anyway?" said Jack, as cross as cross could be.

"You told me to. You know you did," cried Lucky, and he was just as cross.

Then they talked and talked, and all they talked about was what they could not do.

They could not get to town in that broken-down wagon. They could not carry the baskets. Mr. Bones could not help them because they could not get the apples up on his back. They could not give Mr. Bell his apples. They could not get another dollar, and so on and so on and so on.

"We may as well give up and go home," said Lucky, "and throw the old apples away."



“No!” said Jack. “It is too far to walk, and I have a hole in my shoe.”

They could not go home. They could not stay in the puddle forever. So they began to think what they could do.

“Riverside is not so far away now,” said Jack. “We can walk if we have to, and we can carry one basket, I suppose.”

“And we can take Mr. Bones with us and ride him back when we come for the second basket,” said Lucky.

“Come on, then!” said Jack, and he got up out of the puddle.



I don't know how they got the two baskets out of that wagon, but they did.

"We will hide one here behind this tree where it will be safe," said Jack.

Then they started to help Mr. Bones. But Mr. Bones did not want much help. He gave one big pull and left the old wagon behind him.

"And now if you would only sit down," said Jack to the donkey, "we could put the basket on your back and hold it there until you stood up again. Come on, Mr. Bones. Be a good donkey."



It looked as if Mr. Bones were going to help them out. He did sit down. He really did. But when they came up to him with that basket, what do you think he did? He rolled over on his back and looked at them out of the corner of his eye. Mr. Bones was not going to carry apples. He had had all he wanted of boys and baskets and everything.

Jack was so cross that his face was almost the color of the red apples. All he could say as he looked at Mr. Bones was, "Oh, you! Oh, you old thing!"



So there was nothing left to do but to carry the basket. Jack took one side and Lucky the other. They walked a few steps and put the basket down. Then they walked a few more steps and did the same thing.

Mr. Bones followed right along behind them, and that was a good thing because, who knows, he might have found the basket of apples behind the tree.

The boys put the basket down so many times that it looked as if they would never get to town. But they did.





Just as they came into town, they saw Mr. Hills. He was a farmer who lived near Lucky. He picked the boys up in his truck and took them right up to Mr. Bell's store.

"Where have you been? I have been looking for you all morning," said Mr. Bell. "And where is my other basket of apples? I want it, I can tell you. Such fine apples sell in no time."



When Mr. Bell heard where the other basket was, he said he would send his boy with the truck to bring in the apples. That was a good thing. The hole in Jack's shoe was a big hole by this time, and the boys were all tired out.

Mr. Bell made them sit down and have some ice cream. By that time they were feeling better.

Mr. Hills wanted to take them home in his truck, but what about Mr. Bones? It would be bad enough to tell Mr. Woods about the wagon. They could not go home without his donkey.

When the boys came out of the store, there that donkey stood. It was a good thing Mr. Bones was feeling better by this time, too.

Jack and Lucky jumped up on Mr. Bones's back and he did not care. I really think he liked it. That is the way it is with donkeys. One minute they are cross, and the next minute they are happy, and you never know why they are that way. You never can count on a donkey.

Well, the boys got home at last, and Mr. Woods did not care at all about that old wagon.

"I will get it home somehow," he said. "Send for your suits and think no more about it."

So that is what Jack and Lucky did.

Three days after that the suits came. My, but they were fine suits! When the boys saw themselves in their new suits, they were delighted—just delighted.

The night after the suits came, the boys got Jack's father, Mr. Lee, Mr. Woods, Jack Green, Carl Brown, and some other boys. They all played ball until dark, and Jack and Lucky could catch better than anyone. Do you know why?

I suppose you would like to see how Jack and Lucky looked in their baseball suits. If you have been playing ball all summer, I suppose you think that you can play ball better than they can, anyway.





Well, there is only one way to find out. So why not go to Jack's house? I know you will have a good time. I know two boys who will be happy to see you. You may have to sleep in Fisherman Bill's tent, but that will be fun. And who knows? Maybe you can play ball better than Jack and Lucky can, even if they do have new suits.



## Word List

This book is designed to develop reading readiness on the second year level. All words from the *Pre-Primers*, *Primer*, and *First Reader* which reappear in the *Second Reader* are reviewed in this book. No page has more than two new words and the average rate of introduction is one new word to 121 running words. The entire book, therefore, has the ease of an Absorption Unit—68 pages with 0 new words, 41 pages with 1 new word, and 16 pages with 2 new words.

The following list includes the 73 words in *Down the River Road* not taught in preceding books of the series. All word forms are counted as new except plurals in s, possessives, and compound words in which both parts have already been taught. Ninety-seven per cent (97%) of the new words are in the Gates list, and 99% are in the Thorndike list. Of these 73 words, 70 are from the new vocabulary of the *Second Reader* and 52 of these (marked by asterisks) are introduced in the first Teaching Unit of the *Second Reader*.

3 bones	34 began*	60 told	93-95
4-5	35 remem-	step*	96 might*
6 side*	bered	61-64	97
fields	36-38	65 buy	98 full*
7 fence	39 smell	66 fine	99 left*
8 bark	40	67-68	100 after-
tell*	41 ever*	69 suit	noon*
9 think*	42-43	70 through*	101
10-11	44 send	worms*	102 found*
12 climbing	45	71 dark*	103 pieces*
13	46 even*	72	104-105
14 fall*	47	73 tired	106 holds*
15 than*	48 don't*	74 noise*	107
minute*	suppose*	throw*	108 trot*
16	49 almost*	75-78	109 fruit*
17 corner*	exciting*	79 fire	110 rode*
eye*	50 such*	pan	111
18 feeling	51 story*	80-81	112 wheels*
19-21	only	82 dollar	happen*
22 ears*	52 done*	83-87	113-115
donkey	53-54	88 lucky*	116 them-
23 hee-haw	55 shout*	live*	selves*
24	56 seconds*	89	117-118
25 friend*	57 tent*	90 an*	119 shoe*
26-32	58 nothing*	baseball*	120 stood*
33 better	gone*	91	121-127
	59 last*	92 won't*	





